THE
NATION

FEBRUARY 2, 1957 . . 25c

sophistication in america . .

by David Cort

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LETTERS

Short-Term Profits

Dear Sirs: In his excellent and very timely article Who Killed Collier's? (January 5), Milton Moskowitz answers the question quite simply: the advertisers.

Actually *Collier's* and the *Woman's Home Companion* were eliminated by a business management obviously far more interested in reaping fat profits than at least trying desperately to maintain what had become—for writers and readers alike—an American institution.

WALTER GERSTEL

Berkeley, California

Biographer's Problem

Dear Sirs: Edmond Cahn's article in the January 5 *Nation* raises an interesting question of judicial propriety. Mr. Cahn discusses "propriety" in two senses—as applied to a Supreme Court Justice himself and also as to his biographer—without distinguishing between them.

No one denies that a member of the Supreme Court should eschew notoriety and publicity for the good of his institution. Thus, Harlan Stone was undoubtedly wrong in commenting publicly on Justice Black's appointment. But one wonders if the same stricture should apply to the posthumous disposal of a Justice's papers. Should they be edited to eliminate documents of a personal or controversial nature? Mr. Cahn evidently thinks they should.

However, I believe that one consequence of such an expurgation is to perpetuate the erroneous view that the Supreme Court operates in a non-political vacuum above personality and above political influences of the sort exerted on, say, legislators or even Presidents. And there is another consequence, too: if Justices or their immediate associates are allowed to tailor the record, an overly favorable biography may result.

Amid the present controversy over the segregation cases, public understanding of the Supreme Court is badly needed. It does not seem to me that this understanding is furthered by not mentioning the fact that members of the Court, as human beings, are influenced by broadly "political," or, if you will, "controversial" and "personal" factors. If the ultimate result (and I don't think this necessarily follows) is a view that a decision such as the one on segregation is "political," let's admit this frankly and not avoid the conclusion by ignoring it.

The real answer to the problem of propriety raised is not, I think, a pact among the Justices or abridgment of the record. Instead, it is to rely ultimately on the integrity of the objective scholar as the determinant of what or what not should be made public. This inevitably means disagreement—as Professor Cahn and Mason are apparently in disagreement over the Jackson document. But this integrity is what does and should guide the best biographers and the best biographees, whether Supreme Court Justices or not.

JAMES H. DUFFY

Cambridge, Mass.

Mexico's Oil

Dear Sirs: I read with great appreciation the article Oil for Progress (*The Nation,* December 15), which I have found informative, intelligent and, although unbiased, warmly sympathetic towards Petroleos Mexicanos' contribution to the economic development of my country.

MANUEL TELLO
Ambassador of Mexico

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: Congratulations for your fine article on Oil for Progress. The article, however, only touched on a major problem: we are exploiting Latin American nations by drawing on their natural resources; we are also notably in such countries as the Dominican Republic, Venezuela and much of Central America—dealing with and knowingly supporting dictatorial governments. The wages paid may be higher, but we must assume a good part of the blame for maintaining these governments.

JAMES L. BULL

Pasadena, California.

Two Decades of Exile

Dear Sirs: The Spanish Civil War ended eighteen years ago. There are still between 150,000 and 200,000 exiles who will not go back to Spain. Franco has solemnly promised to amnesty all those who would return. Why amnesty them when they committed no crime? Those who have returned—a handful—have sometimes found that Franco's promises are not to be trusted: Lieutenant Colonel Beneyto, for instance, who was shot on November 19, 1956.

Most of the exiles have made good in the countries of their adoption. But the handicapped ones—by language, trade, age, illness, or other circumstances—have been and are living a hard life. The Spanish Refugee Aid, Inc. (80 East 11th Street, N.Y.C. 3), founded four years ago, is taking care of them. The committee needs your help.

SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

Back-Number Nations

Dear Sirs: I can't bear to throw away my precious copies of *The Nation.* I now have two piles of the periodical dating back to before 1950. Do you know of anyone who would like to have them?

(MRS.) EULALIE WILLSON
Bennett Junior College

Millbrook, N. Y.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1957
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Budgetary Politics

The President's budget may have won him a handful of new friends, but it has certainly cost him a whole lot of old ones. The *Wall Street Journal* calls it "solid testimony to a failure" and adds, out of an anguished heart: "The Eisenhower Administration is no longer reducing the burdens of government. It is increasing them." Not too many blocks from Wall Street, the *Journal of Commerce* argues that "inflation as a fast, fast, fast pain reliever, as they say on television," is no way to escape economic difficulties. And the business editor of the *Christian Science Monitor* writes that "the key business sources in the United States expressed disappointment and frustration at the President's budget message."

It isn't the big bills these disillusioned honeymooners are angry about; it is the little ones. Of the $71.8 billions total (excluding the contemplated highway trust fund), $43.4—61 cents out of every dollar—goes for national security. But except for a few hard-bitten souls who aren't certain we are spending our military money efficiently in this era of the small army and the Big Bang, the $43.4 billions seem to be breaking no one's heart. "With the international situation more critical than in several years, quibbling over defense spending is pretty much out of the question," comments the *Wall Street Journal.* What irks the newspaper is that "the President would extend the hand of Uncle Sam into an assortment of welfare schemes ranging from the care of juvenile delinquents to school construction and providing more houses for the needy aged."

Actually, the President's requests for "welfare schemes" are shockingly modest. He asks $35,000,000 for federal housing—which is just about what a group of New York realtors are prepared to spend on a new theatrical center for midtown Manhattan. Admittedly, the total Social Services item in the new budget represents an increase of $200,000,000 over last year's. Why quibble over $43.4 billions when you can quibble over millions?

The budget certainly poses problems, and not all of them are actuarial. Who will vote for Mr. Nixon (who has identified himself with the President's fiscal policy) in 1960 if the GOP's best-heeled moneylenders are driven from the temple by their own frustrations? Not Mr. Humphrey, it would seem; not Senator Knowland; perhaps not even Leonard Hall. The President is furthering the split in his party, and the New Republicans, whether they like it or not, are increasingly—and embarrassingly—finding themselves practically indistinguishable from New Dealers. The new budget may not have created a balanced economy, but it has taken the country another step toward establishing a new balance in the political scene.

The Moral of the Metesky Case

George Metesky, the resentful bomber whose modest charm is rapidly making him a hero to the New Yorkers he has terrorized off and on for sixteen years, will be indicted, should he prove sane, on two main charges. The first of these is felonious assault or the injury of a person and carries a maximum sentence of ten years; the second, malicious mischief or the damaging of property, makes him liable to a prison term of twenty-five years. A man who plants bombs because he resents society's indifference to the individual should obviously concentrate on maiming his fellow citizens; he is foolhardy if he turns his rage on the real estate.

Mr. Walter and the Hungarians

At the height of the refugee flow across the Hungarian borders last November, Representative Walter publicly urged that in the interest of humanity the Walter-McCarran immigration act be applied with the utmost "flexibility." He has since cancelled his interest in "flexibility"; his scorecard shows that there are "too many Communists" among the refugees.

John O'Kearney's article from Belgrade (see page 91) seems to confirm Mr. Walter's observation of fact, if not his conclusion. Mr. O'Kearney's thesis is that the Hungarian rebels for the most part were not the frustrated pro-Western capitalists we thought they were, but rather a group of genuine Communists who also happened to be Hungarian patriots, and who were convinced that Soviet bureaucracy was destroying both their country and their communism. If Mr. O'Kearney is right, then Mr. Walter is also correct: it is altogether likely that many of the refugees are Communists who

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fled the Kadar regime because they saw it as no different from the one against which they had revolted.

The problem calls for rather more perception, not to speak of a greater generosity, than Mr. Walter seems willing to bring to it. Why do we fear Communists? Is it because they believe in the monolithic state? So does the King of Saudi Arabia, at this writing shortly to be a most welcome guest at the White House. Is it because Communists suppress individual liberty? But we are on the best of terms with Spain and a half-dozen Latin American countries whose jails are full of martyrs to individual liberty. The truth is we fear Communists because we believe that they are agents of an inimical great foreign power: the Soviet Union.

In these circumstances, Mr. Walter's attempt to ban Hungarian nationalist-Communists from our doors serves not our security, but the Soviet Union's. American policy is to encourage the peoples of the Soviet bloc to "liberate" themselves from Kremlin tyranny. When they try and fail, is it "encouragement" to bar them from starting a new life elsewhere? Are the Czechs more or less likely to follow Poland's footsteps because of Mr. Walter's immigration act?

Loyalty and Religion

David Berman's objective account of William J. Brennan's record as a judge on the New Jersey Supreme Court (*The Nation,* October 13) convinced us that President Eisenhower had chosen well in selecting him for the Supreme Court. If we retained any lingering doubts, they have since been dispelled by Senator McCarthy's fervent opposition to the appointment. Because the newest Justice is the first Roman Catholic to serve on the Supreme Court since Frank Murphy, we were particularly interested in Justice Brennan's philosophy regarding the maintenance of the Constitutional barrier between church and state. His votes on the New Jersey Court make it clear that he supports the classic separative concept.

This magazine, under its present management, recognizes the political philosophy of a candidate to high office as the sole criteria of his acceptability. His religious faith is irrelevant unless the record shows clearly in a particular instance that it colors his political philosophy. This magazine will neither favor nor oppose any candidate for public office on the basis of his religious beliefs or lack of them.

In 1928 *The Nation* stated, in discussing Al Smith's Presidential campaign:

> Catholics, despite a very different attitude in countries predominantly Catholic, have in this country loyally supported the Constitutional principle of separation of church and state, well knowing that the unofficial state church of this country was Protestant. . . . No, we are not alarmed by the Catholic peril in the United States. If his Catholicism has influenced Al Smith in office at all, it has made him rather specially careful to select non-Catholics for appointment.

Because we believe that bigotry of any kind should be the constant concern of American liberals, we hope that confirmation of Mr. Justice Brennan will be swift.

The Power of Positive Thinking

Those among the populace aware of the sad fact that 1956 had witnessed the death of *Collier's, American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion* and *Town Journal* were no doubt surprised to see a seven-column back-page ad recently in *The New York Times* which trumpted the following question and answer:

"What happened to magazines in 1956?"

"It is a GREAT year for magazines . . ."

Sensing some grotesque or cynical sense of humor at work, we read on to find that this was all in dead earnest. The ad continued that 1956 was not only a GREAT year for magazines but "for *Newsweek* the BIGGEST year yet . . ." Following were all sorts of facts and figures explaining how magazines and especially *Newsweek* had seen a growth in advertising pages over 1955 and an increase in magazine revenue. There was no mention of the magazines that died.

There appeared later the same day a piece by the New York *Post's* economic columnist, Sylvia Porter, entitled More Magazines to Die. Miss Porter wrote that "In the next few months, at least two more shaky magazines and 'maybe as many as five' will be suspended."

Translated into the positive thinking of *Newsweek,* it looks like 1957 will be a GREATER year for magazines than 1956.

The Word and the Deed

"In too much of the earth," the President said in his inaugural address, "there is want, discord, danger. New forces and new nations stir and drive across the earth with power to bring . . . great good or great evil." We seemed to have made our own decision—symbolically, at least—three days earlier, when a trio of Stratofortresses drove across the earth bringing to countries of want and discord an undisclosed number of simulated hydrogen bombs.

It is debatable whether there is ever an appropriate time to drop simulated hydrogen bombs, but there can be no question that this was an inappropriate one. If there is lack of liaison *within* the Pentagon, what shall be said of the lack of it, in this case, between the Pentagon and its Commander-in-Chief?

Ralph Barton Perry

Ralph Barton Perry, who died last week at the age of 80, was one of the most stalwart liberals on the American philosophical scene in the past half century.

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He came from the old Harvard school of James, Santayana and Royce, and held an eminent place among the philosophers of our time. His *General Theory of Value* burst the bounds of a narrow moralism by equating value with any object of human interest. He wrote with clarity, often with charm and always with moral force both in his philosophical works and in public media such as a succession of letters to the *New York Times* over many years. Their strength and reasonableness helped to crystallize liberal opinion.

The whole tenor of his work in social philosophy had a very practical impact. For he sought out the theoretical bases for common agreement on the world scene. And so he addressed himself to all in turn—whether Liberal or Tory, Communist or Catholic—and tried to bring them to see their social differences as diverse proposals to be tested in human experience by this one standard. Thus he refused to regard the American-Soviet alliance in World War II as a temporary expedient, and sought the reestablishment of American-Soviet friendship during the cold war. He took public and forceful stands on particular issues, such as the desirability of admitting the present Chinese regime to the U. N. as a step to peace. His premises were not of the Left, but rather based on the fundamental insistence that America, whose capitalist character he accepted, should keep its promise of democracy, equality and human welfare. Capitalism could take its chance in peaceful competition. It was, he said, "no part of our foreign policy to promote capitalism any more than Christianity, or modern art, or the theory of relativity, or the consumption of Coca-Cola." And the definition he gave of morality in his first book on ethics in 1909 is a fitting legacy to the present world of the hydrogen bomb: "Morality," he said, "is simply the forced choice between suicide and abundant life."

HUNGARY: MYTH and REALITY . . *by John O'Kearney*

The writer, for many years a foreign correspondent for Reuters and more recently on the foreign desk of the New York Daily News, *is en-route to the Middle East via the Balkans and Italy. This is the first of a series of dispatches he will send to* The Nation.—Ed.

Belgrade

EVIDENCE TAKEN from refugees on this side of the Hungarian frontier makes the revolution in Hungary sound markedly different from the reports which have appeared in the "free-world" press. The evidence is supported by reports from refugees in Vienna, who say they battled with American correspondents in an effort to keep undistorted the facts in paid-for interviews ("by clever twists of words they turn our meanings"). Hungarian sources here say the corruption lies in the Western abuse of the term "anti-Communist" as an all-inclusive description of revolutionary forces. The clear truth, they say, is that the vanguard and main body of the rebellion were formed of intellectuals and workers who were *more* Marxist, *more* Socialist, than the regime; of men who were *"real Communists"* in contrast with the Stalinist bureaucrats whom they accuse of having ruled Hungary by reactionary, fascist methods.

drawing by Berger

Imre Nagy

It is not denied that some elements in the revolt were truly anti-Communist, that there were many for whom the revolution was pregnant with visions of richer life under Western capitalism. But by and large, according to accounts I have gathered, the revolution was fought by men and women who even today would elect to keep their Socialist state—with its nationalized factories and mines and distributed land—demanding only a democratic right to run the state for themselves. In short, it was an ideologically internecine war within the limits of Marxism (as amended: cf. Lenin, Stalin, Tito).

So the revolution was evoked by forces that almost without exception were either Communist or Socialist. Reactionary elements got into it, undoubtedly, as well as many hoodlums. Some participants, not unlike looting arsonists in a Calcutta or Bombay riot, became volunteer mercenaries in the cause. And there were Know-Nothings who gave to the uprising the appearance of a many-headed creature of complex conception. But its chief ingredients were a resurgent nationalism that fed on the heroism of the Hungarian Revolution of 1848 and a hatred for the Politburo dictators, Matyos Rakosi and Erno Gero, whose relentless machine had been running Hungary as if its people were expendable robots. It is said of Gero that he was "a very crude maniac, living in his own imagined statistics."

Nationalism had been roused gradually over the post-war years by Russian bragging, arrogance and dictation in matters large and small. (Q. Who was the first man on earth? A. Adamov.) Everything in the world had been invented by the Russians. No interpretation of history, even Hungarian history, was correct except theirs. The uniforms of Hun-

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garian soldiers were Russian. The upgrading of children in schools, in degrees of excellence from one to five, was changed to the Russian style, i.e., from five to one. The traditional make-up of newspapers had to be changed to make them look like *Pravda*. Writers of the Hungarian Communist Party newspaper, *Szabad Nep*, had to work by rules laid down in "style sheets" written by Russian journalists. Newspaper and magazine articles became columns of boring nothing. ("All right for the Russians, perhaps. They have long winters. Ours are short.") A. A. Surkov, secretary of the Russian Writers' League, came to teach his Hungarian comrades how to write poems. ("But Surkov's poems are mediocre!") It could no longer be mentioned that the poet Sandor Petoefi—the Shelley of Hungary—had been slain by Cossacks who helped Austria put down the Revolution of '48; poor Petoefi had simply "died." So it was in all fields, technical as well as cultural.

THUS A NEW rebellious nationalism grew hot among the writers, the journalists, the intelligentsia. Rakosi could make the workers shut up, more or less, with threats, platitudes and slogans to cover his mistakes and those of his undemocratic bureaucracy; but the writers could pick the works of Marx, Lenin and Stalin as well as he, and played the very devil quoting scripture.

Both Rakosi and Gero are of the *émigré* Communist leaders who got training in Moscow. Rakosi, born in 1892, was taken prisoner by the Russians in World War I, returned to Hungary as a Communist and had a small role in the revolution of 1919. He was exiled, lived in Italy and Austria, but after a few years returned as a Comintern official to reorganize the party. He was sentenced to jail for eight years, granted a new trial and got life. He spent sixteen years in prison, being released in 1941 (under one of the minor paragraphs of the Ribbentrop-Molotov pact) in exchange for the return by the Russians of the Hungarian battle flags of '48. Moscow took him again, then sent him back in 1945 as First Secretary of the Hungarian Communist Party, a job which he did not relinquish until July last year. He was vice premier and then premier up to 1953.

Gero, now in his late fifties, also fought in the 1919 revolt. He fled to Moscow, went on to France, fought in the Spanish Civil War, returned to Moscow and emerged in 1945 as the economic planner for Hungary. His popularity was high in the first years of reconstruction, but then he began pressing the nation—without coal or steel resources—into construction of heavy industry at the expense of consumer production. Last July he took over from Rakosi (who is again in Moscow) as First Secretary of the party.

The political character of these two men is perhaps best revealed in the fate of Imre Nagy, professor and scientist who was deposed from his days-old premiership by Russian force in November and replaced by Janos Kadar. Nagy, popular idol of land reform in 1945, was expelled from the Politburo in 1948 because of his opposition to forced collectivization of the farmers. But he became premier in 1953, after the death of Stalin, following a Moscow conference at which Rakosi, Gero and others were criticized for being a clique out of touch with the Hungarian people. Moscow picked Nagy to take over. He immediately laid down his "Program of June," calling for cuts in heavy-industry investment, for more consumer goods; permitting farmers to break out of the collectives at will; proposing abolishment of political internment camps; urging respect for constitutional rights, and promising greater democracy in both party and parliament. He had previously been outspoken against the ruthless exactions of a regime which had made Hungary subservient in all things to Russian need.

But only a week after Nagy took over, Rakosi told a meeting of party activists to pay little attention to the "Program of June." He urged continuation of tough tactics and no coddling, arguing that "the kulak is still a kulak." He and Gero set out to pack the Politburo with their own henchmen, some from among the thugs who had been office hangers-on. In March, 1955, this time with the help of a changed regime in Moscow, they unseated Nagy and expelled him from the party on charges of right deviationism. He had been naive, had taken his program much too seriously for Rakosi and Gero. ("He had tried to deal with them like honest men.") He was replaced by Andras Hegedus, former secretary to Gero and a Rakosi creature. Hegedus resigned the premiership hours after the revolution broke out last October 23, and Nagy returned to the head of

A Brief Chronology

Here are the dates of some of the important events relevant to the Hungarian revolt:

March, 1952—Stalin dies.

July, 1953—Imre Nagy, a non-Communist, replaces the Stalinist Rakosi as Hungary's Premier.

February, 1955—Bulganin replaces the consumer-minded Malenkov as Soviet Premier; Khrushchev becomes Soviet party chief.

March, 1955—Hegedus, a Rakosi man, replaces the consumer-minded Nagy as Premier of Hungary.

February, 1956—Soviet Communist Party's Twentieth Congress "downgrades" Stalin, establishes principle of "democratic centralism."

June 27, 1956—Hungarian intellectuals stage impressive demonstration in Budapest demanding press freedom and democracy for Hungary.

October 6, 1956—Rajk, Social Democrat executed by the Communists in 1949, is officially "rehabilitated"; tens of thousands of Budapest citizens file silently by his catafalque in demonstration against the Hegedus regime.

October 19, 1956—Polish Communists elect Gomulka as Premier, marking beginning of difficult Polish-Soviet negotiations.

October 23, 1956—Hegedus regime fires on citizens parading in demonstration of sympathy for Gomulka; revolt breaks out; Soviet armed forces called out.

October 24, 1956—Hungarians oust Hegedus, replacing him with Nagy as Premier; revolt spreads throughout Hungary.

November, 1956—With the aid of Soviet tanks, Kadar replaces Nagy as Premier.

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the government on the following day. But in a few days he was gone again, first to find asylum in the Yugoslav Embassy, then to be tricked and kidnapped by the Russians and packed off into "voluntary exile" in Rumania.

Throughout these times, right up to the first police shot that brought rebellion bursting out of what all sources here agree was at the outset a peaceful demonstration in sympathy with the struggle of Poland against Russia, there had been no sign of preparation for an armed uprising. Certainly the writers had been demanding press freedom, deliverance from Russian and Hungarian Stalinist repression. Scientists had been demanding enlightenment for everyone and better relations with the West. Educators were sick of bowdlerized and fictional history. The peasantry wanted free hands on the land they got when the great estates, including vast areas owned by the Catholic Church, were broken up. Workers wanted democratic, floor-level control (condemned as Titoism) over the means of production—a true dictatorship of the proletariat. And everybody wanted freedom from great and petty persecution of all who dared to speak their minds in these matters. But armed action was not in the plot, *post facto* charges by the Russians and wishful thinking by Radio Free Europe—that extra-diplomatic organ of the State Department—to the contrary notwithstanding. ("When finally it came, it would have been hard to say even that we were actually fighting 'for' anything. National independence was in everybody's mind. But there was no plan. Leadership was wherever we could find it by the handful. We knew only that we were 'against'; and above all, that we were 'national'.")

What the regime may have feared was something else again. There were acute signs last winter that it was already suffering from a bad conscience. The National Theater did *Richard III*—

> That foul defacer of God's handwork,
> That excellent grand tyrant of the earth—

and the curtain had barely dropped when Georg Non, then Vice Minister of Culture, approached director Tamas Major and said: "I know why you put on *Richard*. It was directed against Comrade Rakosi."

Then came the twentieth Congress and the damnation of Stalin, and the Petoefi Club, a group of students and intellectuals supported by the Hungarian Writers' League, became active in Budapest. The journalists of the group called a meeting for June 27 at the People's Army Officers' House to hear writers and scientists protest against "democratic centralism" (euphemism for hierarchical tyranny) and demand greater press freedom. Where 200 to 500 people had been expected, 6,000 showed up. The meeting had been called for 6:30 p.m. The place was jammed by 3 o'clock, and still they came by the hundreds to stand in the garden in a long summer rain and listen to speeches that did not come to an end until 3:30 the next morning. The speakers declared that literary freedom and freedom of the people are inseparable. Scientist Louis Janosi, vice-president of the Hungarian Atomic Commission and stepson of Marxist theoretician Gyorgy Lukacs, said he was ignorant of atomic development in the country (Hungary has large uranium deposits) because he could get no information out of the arcanum of the government; all he knew of Hungarian atomic affairs, he said, were the fragments he got from Russian scientists. Other speakers excoriated the government for falsification of facts. The 6,000 then broke into a five-minute demonstration against the ousting of Nagy from the party, chanting: "Back to the party, back to the party." Three days later the Petoefi Club was banned by the party Central Committee, Rakosi having condemned it.

FOUR months later there was a development still more ominous for the regime. On October 6, tens of thousands of people shuffled silently through bitter cold and rain, in unbroken file from early morning to late in the day, before the catafalque of Rajk to celebrate his official "rehabilitation." Rajk, a Democratic Socialist, had been executed in 1949 as an agent of Horthy, Tito and the Americans; his rehabilitation had been a slow process. Almost two years ago, Rakosi confessed that Rajk had been an agent of Horthy only, and not of Tito or the Americans. Early last year he spoke of him kindly as "Comrade Rajk." There was no explanation for this gradual shift of attitude. "Truth," they said at the last meeting of the Petoefi Club, "cannot be cut like salami. Either Rajk was a Horthy-Tito-American agent, or only a Horthy agent, or was dear Comrade Rajk. Say what."

IN AN exaggeration of these signs of unrest probably lies the explanation of the government's panic—the shooting and the calling for Russian help—when, on October 23, hundreds of thousands showed their sympathy for Poland's Gomulka in a march from the statue of Petoefi in Pest to the statue of Poland's General Bem, revolutionary hero of 1848, across the Danube in Buda. This panic played tinder to the flint, while the aloof "democratic centralism" of the regime left it unable properly to assess for how much or little it might have purchased order. Nagy, coming to the premiership as battle raged, might have accomplished something. But there was mischief in the wind. There was Radio Free Europe. And there was Cardinal Mindszenty.

The cardinal, whom even the Vatican has criticized for the role he played in this affair, was released from confinement in a village outside Budapest by a band of revolutionaries. After the Russians had retired from their first assault, and while Nagy was trying desperately to get them to go home, the cardinal made a radio speech from his house in the city in which he demanded return to the church of vast estates confiscated in 1945. In a country of nine million people, he said, he was making his demands on behalf of six million Catholics. The Russian tanks came back. Mindszenty took refuge in the U. S. Embassy.

As for Radio Free Europe, it was useful for the Russians to charge that it had a large part in stirring

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up "imperialist reaction." Certainly it had encouraged, along with the Voice of America, an expectation of American support for rebellion, in line with the many vote-getting "liberation" statements of politicians, including President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles. But among the main body of workers, and by all the intelligentsia, RFE's pre-revolutionary labors were looked upon as the rantings of assorted crack-pots and malcontents in exile. ("It had for a long time been coming out with such nonsense as would have made even its truths unbelievable. There were so many palpable falsities. It would report violent protests in this factory or that mine, and the workers in the very factories and mines would look at each other and ask, 'Where?' ") Nevertheless, during the days of the fighting it played a large part in keeping blood flowing. People listened to it because they had no other source for news of what was going on anywhere but where they were themselves. RFE egged the battle on with almost hysterical enthusiasm, advising inexperienced "freedom fighters" (the kids) that it was safest and most effective to fight in groups of three—advice which often led, where Russian tanks alone were not the target, to wanton murder. ("Many simple soldiers—mere clerks, many of them—who were doing their service with the AVH, the secret police, were brutally killed—while Rakosi and many high-ranking of the AVH were safe.")

And what now? ("The people are thinking of neutralism and an Austrian-type democracy—of Westernization under socialism. We must wait and see. Kadar is inclined to Titoism. But he got his power from the Russians and must obey. On the streets he is being called a traitor and murderer. His government would not get 1 per cent or even half of 1 per cent of the people to back him. But can we go out again with bare hands against tanks?")

And what of those who fled? It is interesting to note that Hungarian refugees in England have protested against wages of only £7 ($19.60) a week—not less than hundreds of thousands of English workers make. And in Switzerland authorities have had to provide a separate camp for several hundred "die-hard Communists" among their refugees, lest blood flow.

SOPHISTICATION in AMERICA . . *by David Cort*

SOPHISTICATION is one of the most embarrassing words in the language because one can hardly tell whether it is being used in a complimentary or derogatory sense. It may refer to a person with a lack of taboos, an experience of wines and women, mere unshockability, a fatigue of life, an affected manner, three university degrees or true wisdom, whatever that is. Originally, according to Merriam-Webster, it meant altered or adulterated.

Nevertheless, when I speak of sophisticated magazines, everyone knows I don't mean *McCall's* or the *Reader's Digest.* Indeed the sophisticated magazines are for the people who are presumably tired of these others.

The incredible news is that sophistication, or a reasonable facsimile, has quietly become the most profitable line, dollar for dollar, in the magazine business. The highest rates for an advertising page per thousand of circulation have long been charged by the sophisticated magazines (and five business magazines). The 1956 figures (in dollars), omitting the business magazines, are: *Town and Country,* 22.16; *The Bride's Magazine,* 18.58; *Gourmet,* 9.96; *Harper's Bazaar,* 9.19; *Vogue,* 9.12; *Saturday Review,* 7.27; *Esquire,* 7.20; *Theatre Arts,* 7.10; and *The New Yorker,* 6.62. In the first six months of 1956 nearly all these showed good gains in circulation, while some of the mass magazines were floundering. Furthermore, they were selling lots of advertising.

A grateful nod is indicated toward our first sophisticated magazine, *Vanity Fair,* and its creator, Frank Crowninshield, the last great American gentleman. *Vanity Fair* reflected the real sophistications of moribund Vienna and the Parisian painters, as well as the manners of the World War I decimated English upper class. With the Depression, it came under the influence of lady assistants headed by Clare Boothe, and it expired in February, 1936, after the advertisers discovered it was also read by ladies instead of just gentlemen. In the last issue the night-life column was headed "The doe at eve" and the sex was a picture of Josephine Baker.

The loss was not considered serious at first because, besides the Depression, there was also *The New Yorker,* whose 1933 circulation of 114,000 has moved today to 415,000. The magazine has given much pleasure and instruction and is still regarded as the arbiter of big-city sophistication. Yet today most sophisticated people who see it at all, often look only at the cover and the cartoons. Its curious prestige has escaped serious examination, perhaps because the jokes are surprising and the formula is at once disarming and iron-bound.

The New Yorker has in fact a peculiarly fixed attitude, which comes in several sections. The early hands were debonair: Phil Wylie, Herman Mankiewicz, Peter Arno, Lois Long. But their boss, the late Harold Ross, met their high spirits with the manner of an unreconstructed hick or bashful farm-hand at a barn dance. He doggedly stuck to this wooden pose in New York, perhaps to emphasize his differences from Crowninshield and Woollcott. The effect on a new arrival from *Fortune,*

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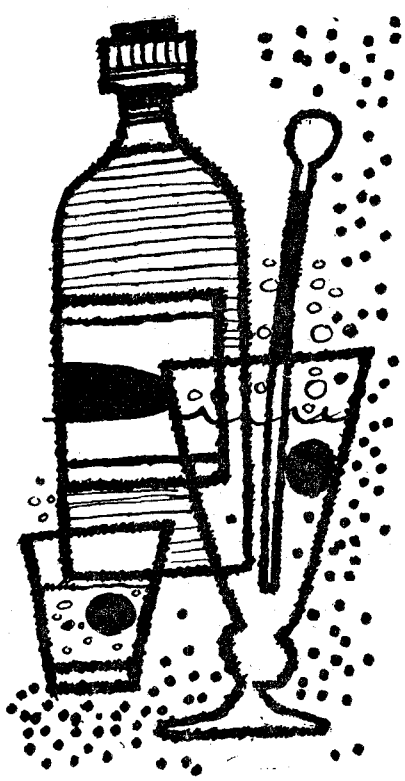
Newsweek, the *New York Times*, *Partisan Review*, etc., was inevitably as if the newcomer had been plunged into a fit of the sulks. A pretense of defeatism and callousness soon enclosed him. He looked hangdog. He learned better than ever, ever to be the life of the party. I have sat at lunches with four of them where nobody spoke for five minutes. In this form of yoga, each tries to be more of an outsider than all the others. The winner is the real insider.

This is *la haute manière;* defeatism and callousness are the culture in the laboratory bottle. The people there are no longer to blame for it; the culture has a rampant life of its own.

The defeatism and callousness—or call them impotence and cruelty—are most easily read in the cartoons. (Incidentally, a great virtue is that the magazine can be read in one minute—just the cartoons; five minutes—cartoons and Talk of the Town; fifteen minutes—add the play reviews; several hours—throw in the rest.) Others may not see these qualities in the jokes I will give, but I am more often saddened than exhilarated by *New Yorker* jokes unless they are Arno's.

Thus in a barroom fight: "Go pick on someone your own size. I'm wearing elevator shoes." Or a sign-painter indoors finishes an "Exit" sign that happens to be pointing toward the window, puts on his hat and walks through the window. Or a wife snarls at her sick, bedded husband: "You called, master?" Or a suburbanite, glancing at a melting snowman on his lawn, notices a human hand emerging. Or a cruise tourist worried about the pay-later plan joins the native boys to dive for pennies thrown by the other tourists. Or a broadcaster, just fired by his sponsor, tells the TV audience ". . . typical of the Strobolene approach. . . . And heaven knows what harm their cheap lubricant does to your car." Or an executive says to a man peeking over the edge of the desk, "Bascomb, why don't you come back when you have more courage?" Or a sultan, surveying an empty harem, says, "One day they all up and left me. The whole kit and caboodle."



Most comedy anywhere is based on the fat man falling down, but *The New Yorker* makes him unnaturally impotent first and then trips him up when he feels perfectly safe or superbly angry or sedately amorous or already flat on his face. The comedy is more or less existentialist: defeat is the only destiny; man is a cockroach with false teeth and a truss. The fiendishness is repeated in some of the stories and gets a college try from Wolcott Gibbs's play reviews which suffer from a do-it-yourself understatement and owe the word "captious" a long rest in Nassau.

THE FIENDISHNESS is offset by the very gentle Talk of the Town and a run of stories that can only be identified with the *Reader's Digest's* unsophisticated fixture, The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met. These are usually a memoir of an elderly relative of the writer, or the writer herself in a more youthful phase in Beirut, Old Cracow, Philadelphia or the Bronx. This stuff seems to demand total recall, but is inexhaustible.

Talk of the Town brings up E. B. White and James Thurber, *The New Yorker's* two greatest practitioners. Between them they made the magazine what Ross really wanted: a therapy for neurotics who make up most of its circulation. White gave them his limpid sanity and his love of New York. Thurber gave them detailed proof of terrible feelings and fantasies, beside which their own paled into laughter. The secret of *The New Yorker* is that Ross had recognized his friends as neurotics and himself as their physician. The boorish manner was meant to have a bracing effect.

But the analyst died, and the 415,000 patients were left staring at naked defeat, impotence and cruelty. Now look at the current jokes again. Their common trait is that one cannot imagine any possible sequel for the character *as given*. They present neurotic, or insoluble, situations; something has been added, or left out, to take them out of real life. Anybody can find one woman to replace another, but how can the sultan find even one, not to speak of twenty, if twenty rejected him? How can the man who could only peep over the edge of the boss's desk carry on any sort of business relationship?

To re-define sophistication, a healthy ego thinks he is superior to other people because his bits of experience and knowledge are the key bits. But *New Yorker* characters believe that their data is worthless. Thus, after *The New Yorker* has told its readers how to judge wines, it will run a cartoon of a suburban lady offering a wine with the tag derogation, "Its pretentiousness may amuse you." This brutality is fine in the hands of a good psychiatrist, but. . . . The audience is regarded as literally on the couch.

SEVERAL *New Yorker* campaigns have been fought against other people's "captive audiences," yet it treats its own as utterly captive. It will devote to a single piece a half, two-thirds or all of one issue. In that of December 1, 1956, fully half the editorial words were given to a story and a memoir, both very good once you got into them: one cruel and defeatist, the other hopeful. Over 200 pages of the issue were editorial and advertising mixed, doing a selling job. The editorial heartland of the issue—i. e., editorial text without advertising—was only nineteen pages

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long. By contrast, *Town and Country* runs a solid block of forty-five to sixty editorial pages, *Vogue* the same or more.

Sophistication really breaks loose in *New Yorker* advertising. "Onward and Upward with the Lower Montgomery Olive or Onion Society"—a vermouth. A picture sequence is captioned: "This is a Dry Martini Olive—going down the Throat of—a Man who is Celebrating—the new Shave Lotion—that's dry as a Martini—and Just as Bracing!" "It's not as if we were going to call the law on you if you want to drink akvavit and tonic. . . . We're grateful if you buy a bottle. Buy two and use them for bookends"—akvavit. "If you like your ostentation undiluted . . ."—a tape recorder. "The Lord St. Audries writes . . ."—a cummerbund. Much of the writing, it may be noted, is defeatist—in the advertising yet! The futility of it all is developed by the existentialist poses of the models, part Dali, part ballet, part burlesqued Victorian portraiture. Women crouch under tables, men look up the barrels of rifles, everybody stares blankly. Often, on the wall behind the dry martinis, is a gun collection—a dangerous combination for neurotics.

WHAT HAS been described here is *The New Yorker's* inner dynamic, the culture in the laboratory bottle. It is all denied by the occasional highly intelligent writer, like Liebling, who ignores all the little psychiatric games and acts himself.

A juvenile sophisticated magazine coming up fast behind *The New Yorker* is a comic book called *MAD* which carries this fashionable mode of impotence and cruelty to a conclusion. Once children start reading it, they throw away all other comics, for *MAD* is an all-out satire on all other comics, printed and human. The draughtsmanship is extraordinarily good. In one issue a bludgeon job is done on Elvis Presley, Gunsmoke (my favorite radio program), Hollywood, mice, traffic police, bowling, Moby Dick, pulp magazines and Disney. The effect is indescribable and to me distasteful — *The New Yorker* essence is too concentrated. The whole idea is implicit in an advice department item. The problem is that the man loves to stuff birds, but also loves his wife who hates his stuffed birds. The advice, illustrated in awful detail: stuff your wife. The cover shows a gap-toothed boy, *MAD's* candidate for President; the back cover shows him, logically, from the rear, looking out at an audience of celebrities. He has big ears. *MAD's* circulation is reported at about 500,000.

Women's magazines (overlooking *Bride's Magazine,* in deference to the unsophisticated groom) are not sophisticated at all in their readers' frantic desire to be told what will make them beautiful and chic. Yet *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar,* as well as *Glamour* and *Mademoiselle,* regularly publish very superior material as well as the prize short stories of the year.

The models must be described. A little while ago they were all gaunt, blaze-mouthed, narrow-headed girls with aimed nostrils. But *Mademoiselle's* models, presumably college girls, showed their teeth, as if while beauty kept its mouth shut, eager intelligence kept it slightly open. Lately more and more of the models are showing their teeth, and a successful search is on for the Garbo type, which is slightly more brachycephalic.

The writing, too—"strange and wonderful," "flattering as mascara," "raffish jewelry," "demurely delicious," "precise elegance"—has lately undergone a change. It suffered from the need to get into a high key too quickly, assuming a reader so hysterical that such word combinations sent her instantly into a swoon of precious delight. Lately the sophisticated women's magazines have lowered their key close to plain talk. They can be read with great profit by a curious man. *Vogue* in its Spotlight and People Are Talking About tells you what, if you are already sophisticated, you are already talking about. This is really a kindly service.

Asking forgiveness, I must note that one associate of Frank Crowninshield's is still at *Vogue,* having bowed under the tidal waves of exquisite new words, having seen them all pass from Robert Benchley to Clare Boothe, and still kept her poise and continued to live in Brooklyn. I believe that the Crowninshield values are still high style in this field. Crowninshield either meant exactly what he said or very clearly didn't mean what he said.

IN approaching the sophisticated men's magazines, I have to transit by way of the quarterly, *Gentry,* which gives out no circulation figures but is probably under 100,000. It is a male attempt to replace the late *Flair* in the same—or modified—lavish portfolio style of fold-out art, paste-ups, curiosa and almost anything one wouldn't normally run across. The first effect is of a convulsion of sophistication like a catalepsy. For example, there are Matisse cutout pictures of his old age, a handbill by Topolski and a booklet of Fredenthal's sketches of Toscanini from a radio station soundbooth. But there is also a lot of solid stuff: Ring Lardner, Thomas Eakins, Kipling, Somerset Maugham on Henry James and the last photographs of the defunct Weehawken Ferry. The editors seem to know that if you're looking for oddities, reality is the best place to look. *Gentry* is in constant danger of leaving the planet but never quite does it. After it has worn out its conversation-piece welcome, there is something more, I am glad to report. It costs two dollars a copy.

Esquire is too well known to need description. Rejecting *The New Yorker's* impotence while keeping the cruelty (it officially hates women), it is doing very well at 778,000 circulation. Its format is essentially that of the old *Vanity Fair,* vulgarized by locker-room jokes, naked women and a somewhat uncrystallized editorial policy.

The recent phenomenon of the sophistication business is *Playboy,* which has moved in a year from 393,000 circulation to a claimed million, and is still moving. Starting bawdily and naively, it has grown progressively subtler, having lately taken on A. C. Spectorsky, author of *The Exurbanites* and demonstrably one of the most sophisticated editors in the United States. A lot of young men, mostly college boys and G.I.s,

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were obviously just waiting for it.

The clue to its appeal, really very sophisticated, is to be read in the monthly foldout naked girl. Instead of being an unattainable and in that sense undesirable mannequin, as in *Esquire,* she is the girl next door or at the next desk with her clothes off and looking very well, thank you. One month the naked girl was the lady author of a story in the magazine.

AS A MALE writer, I must protest unfair competition, but as an editor I must applaud a brand-new invention in eroticism which grew out of the free-wheeling, ebullient attitude of the editors. Essentially, *Playboy's* subject is mating. But it likes to have fun with it, as in a touching love story of a pair of whales. It has its sights firmly fixed not on the outdoor man, but on a strictly indoor man (if not an indoor whale). Ruggedness is to be directed where it will do the most good to perpetuate the race. Sophistication here is primarily sexual, yet this is a subject on which, unlike the subjects of *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*, nobody can really instruct anybody else. It is a treacherous subject, and I get the feeling that *Playboy* is trying to switch its readers to some firmer ground.

In this superficial survey I have omitted such specialized productions as *The Bride's Magazine, Gourmet, The Saturday Review, House and Garden, Theatre Arts* and the admirably produced travel specialist, *Holiday,* which does mankind the favor of disseminating Perelman and Bemelmanns. The place to end is with the most sophisticated and most indifferent magazine of them all, *Town and Country* (circulation: 1933, 16,000; 1956, 72,000). This and *The New Yorker* are the only general sophisticated magazines of today that existed in 1933.

Town and Country, exudes such a tone of upper-class that for a moment I was credulous when I read of a man who had been given for Christmas a diamond-set alpenstock when his wife could have had for less money what he really wanted: the Philadelphia Athletics. My credulity was not shameful because the issue of January, 1957, describes Venice, where the Communist poor really love the rich and in society one never introduces two people until one has privately asked them whether they want to be introduced. Nobody there reads the newspapers and the only title of consequence is not Prince but *Nobil Homo* or *Nobil Donna,* the old Venetian titles. One should really dress (black tie) to read this. True, we also have to inspect Miami, Palm Beach and Fort Lauderdale, but this magazine sells around 45 per cent of its pages to advertisers (more than *McCall's)* at a far higher rate per thousand of circulation.

The really interesting question is how many more or less sophisticated people, or aspirants, there are today in the United States. Adding the circulations of the magazines noted here, and excluding *MAD* as well as the other equally sophisticated magazines not reviewed, the total is over four million. The exclusions must certainly more than equal the duplications. Using the formula invented by Time Inc., one must multiply that figure by five (for readers of a single copy) to arrive at more than twenty million Americans who at least aspire to being sophisticated. I find this a formidable, instructive and hopeful fact for America, even knowing that deadly serious people will reproach me for my frivolity.

IF the vogue of sophistication is indeed on the rise, one can say it had to come: the mass life was too boring to last. But in the sophistications briefly examined here, one finds a repeated flaw. Each has a fixed attitude, a formula, a style from which nothing in the magazine can vary. As Malcolm Muggeridge wrote in *Time and Tide:* "I, or any other practicing journalist, can tell at a glance whether an article is suitable for this or that magazine." On such a system, sophistication will become as boring as mass conformism, in fact only a narrower sort of conformism. *The New Yorker* gives us an example, to everyone's great regret.

A fixed attitude exposed to life does not know how to survive. What all the sophisticated magazines need is something unexpected, something not in the prospectus.

THE SOCIALIST SURVIVORS . . *by Dan Wakefield*

AFTER TWENTY years of division and distress, what is left of the two main branches of the Socialist movement in America recently joined in a unity convention at the Hotel Biltmore and called forth the vision of human salvation that is found so disturbing by the public at large. The merger of the Socialist Party and the Social Democratic Federation was an incident neither to be feared nor understood by the practical people who guide this era of moderate progressive politics. What happened at the Biltmore the weekend of January 19-20 happened in spite of facts and figures, and the gathering of shipwrecked survivors of socialism carried a passion that Leonard Hall's public-relations battalions are powerless to manufacture.

Louis J. Goldberg, national chairman of the Social Democratic Federation—a group which bolted the Socialist Party in 1936—brought his prodigals back to the fold after long struggle and the loss on the eve of fulfillment of his organization's largest subgroup, the Jewish Socialist Verband. The rigidly old-guard Verband took official issue with the merger on grounds of the Socialist Party's practice of running candidates against AFL-CIO sponsored men, but in light of the new party's platform de-emphasizing electoral

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action, it seemed the Verband defection was based more on the innumerable ancient scars of long-gone battles. Some of its members braved the official command against attending the unity convention, however, and telegrams to Goldberg from far-flung legions affirmed at least a partial reclamation of the dissidents.

The disappointment of the last-minute defection, however, was highly appropriate to the history of these men of militant hope who raised the red flag in the Grand Ballroom of the Biltmore the 19th of January. Since the sunny day in 1901 when a band of men and women gathered outside the Masonic Hall in Indianapolis and sang *The Marseillaise* after founding the Socialist Party, its ranks have been battered from Right and from Left, from inside and out. A recent historian of the movement records that "the Socialist Party has never, even for a single year, been without some issue which threatened to split the party and which forced it to spend much of its time on the problem of reconciliation or rupture."

THE NEW reconciliation has come after two dismal decades of separation that saw the Socialist Party shrivel from a nucleus of 21,000 members (1934) to a showing of 2,119 total votes in the four states where its Presidential candidate could qualify for a place on the ballot in 1956. But the real heyday had already passed, even before the rupture that started this latest decline. In 1908 the membership topped 100,000, as Gene Debs rode the "Red Special" campaign train across the country and four years later drew the highest percentage of votes any Socialist candidate for President has ever won, a total of 897,000.

How far the movement has come from that world was witnessed on convention eve at the Biltmore when some of the delegates suggested that the freshly-merged organization choose a name without the word "Socialist" in it, due to the negative chord it struck in the U.S. public mind.

It was not until after midnight that the session agreed on the tandem title of "Socialist Party—Social Democratic Federation." The 100 delegates, tired from the long discussion and excitement of the merger, allowed themselves the luxury of turning up late to start the Saturday sessions. At 10 A.M., when the business was scheduled to begin there were only four men in the Music Room of the Biltmore. One of the four was Norman Thomas.

The large and handsome white-haired man whose name has come to mean "socialism" to the post-Debs generations in America leaned back and boomed out memories and greetings in his sonorous, story-telling voice, looking for all the world like a college president among old and faithful alumni. He was telling of old campaigns, and his anecdotes often could have served as explanations for the Socialist decline. Part of that story is the story Thomas told of Jimmy Walker, who always asked to follow him whenever they were on the same campaign platform. Jimmy would get up and tell the audience, "You hear all the nice things Thomas says we ought to have? Well, I can get them for you."

Others came in to join the talk, smiling and speaking history. One of the old ones, J. Gordon McLean, tried to explain to a visitor how it was then and how it is now. McLean is a small man with a tanned, weatherbeaten face and pure white hair. He was twice defeated as the Socialist candidate for Mayor in Reading, Pa., one of the last party bastions to fall.

"I joined the Socialist Party in 1907," he said. "We thought we saw a Socialist society coming then."

He paused for a moment, chewing the short stub of his cigar, and said: "Things have taken a funny twist."

THE ORDER of convention business was to turn somehow from that heavy past and grapple with what Norman Thomas described in one of his several speeches as "real things." He rose to make the nominating speech for national chairman in support of the man who is the only "real thing" in the way of political property the SP-SDF can claim in its new beginning—Mayor Frank Zeidler of Milwaukee, the sole surviving Socialist holding office in America today. Besides his youth, his success and his loyalty, Zeidler has the virtue of living a thousand miles from the New York battleground whereon the Socialists stand in greatest number and inflict one another with the deepest and most painful wounds.

Thomas described the phenomenon of Zeidler as "one of the most remarkable things I've known in politics," and the judgment is hard to dispute. Mayor Zeidler, recently elected to a third term in the largest city of the state that has spawned the Honorable Joseph McCarthy, has steadily refused the pressures of realism to give up his Socialist allegiance. At the Biltmore convention he defied his own promising future even further in accepting the national leadership of the Socialist movement—a move unlikely to fire the adoration of his fellow Milwaukeeans. Zeidler would surely be one of the bright young men in the Democratic Party if he chose to join it.

He chose, however, in an idealistic intemperance nearly unknown to these moderate times, to stand at the Biltmore and chart a course for the faithful few of the Socialist vision. With the recent recollection of Hoope's microscopic 2,000 votes for President, there would be no thoughts of national candidates in any of the organization's new plans. Even the stubbornest diehards had finally been convinced that the days of a Socialist running for President were over, "at least for now." In 1950 Norman Thomas had proposed that the party cease all electoral activity and become an "educational organization." But Zeidler said in his keynote speech that "I hope our organization will include the word 'party' in its title. It seems that the American public is more responsive to a message when it is spoken by a group actively interested in campaigning than in one that merely advocates certain ideas. In some states Socialists will want to stand for office and for legislative bodies as a means of promoting their own concepts."

Zeidler was pointing a return to stressing community organizations; or, what is traditionally known by the unsavory phrase which was not

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once heard to be murmured at the Biltmore gathering—"sewer socialism." The tag was administered by Morris Hillquit to the old Milwaukee Socialists who were interested mainly in local reform; and this, in fact, is what the new man from Milwaukee has mapped as the course for the SP-SDF. If there were no raised voices of radical protest, it was in the recognition that this is the only course that remains in a world that has taken such a "funny twist."

"It isn't easy to organize a Socialist Party," Norman Thomas told the convention, "when you have a functioning welfare state."

And yet the survivors, their thunder stolen and their name held sinister, announced intentions of recruitment for doubling the number of locals, tripling the circulation of *The Socialist Call,* and sending out organizers into the vast, indifferent landscape of 1957.

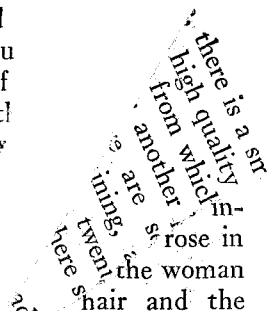
The youthful vigor of Zeidler, and the unsuppressible joy of Louis Goldberg at seeing the consummation of the long-awaited merger forged by himself and SP national chairman Herman Singer, was enough to tinge the most impossible course with hope.

There were these things, plus the gigantic, if far-removed image of the Socialist Internationale, whose greetings were brought by several foreign dignitaries welcoming the American comrades back to the fold after twenty years of exile due to the schizophrenic nature of the Socialist movement in the United States after 1936.

Alsig Anderson, chairman of the Danish Social Democratic Party and delegate to the United Nations, extended greetings from his country's Socialist movement and on behalf of the Socialist Internationale. Herman Singer read greetings and congratulations from Socialist leaders throughout the world, and this renewel of contact with Socialist success—the peculiar *mistique* of the Internationale—and with millions of comrades who shared the vision, was like a relieving tonic to the U.S. survivors, so dry from the long isolation.

THE AMERICAN Socialists, shabby and powerless political cousins to their world-wide comrades, lost the reflected prestige on their homefront expected to come from the banquet address of British Labor Party leader Gaitskell. The day before the banquet Gaitskell was called back to London to tend his own fires, and the poor Yankee relatives had to be content with a tape-recorded message that was brief and necessarily unreal.

But perhaps not even Gaitskell's words, delivered have meant as mu as the presence of ister of state in t government-in-ex her country's Party. When A troduced, the h spontaneous ap with the fine plain black dr and felt the great pride of being her comrade and some way devoted to the same ideal.



This was a banquet whose guests had heard too many words for too many years, and needed to feed on feeling now. Many were there who had been out of touch for a long time, and had come back the way that man comes back to the house of his youth. A middle-aged lady walked slowly past the tables, looking lost, and suddenly spotted a man by himself with the same expression and hurried to greet him by name and identify herself as an old fellow YPSL. Before the part of the program devoted to fund-collecting was finished, the lady quietly got out her purse, wrote a check and placed it in the envelope for contributions beside her plate.

In far-off Washington, the moderate progressives danced through the dreamless and practical splendor of Dwight D. Eisenhower's second inaugural ball.

TV IN THE CLASSROOM . . *by William E. Buckler*

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY is now conducting, for a second year, experimentation with closed-circuit television as a major medium of instruction. It is an experiment which is being watched throughout the country—by administrators who must look to the problems of the future; by individuals gifted with a talent for making comic hay of every new growth in the educational field; by the ordinary professor with half-an-ear for murmurings and prognostications and half-an-eye for the writing on the wall.

More and more colleges are testing closed-circuit television in an attempt to find a solution to the "impossible arithmetic," as Walter Lippmann has called it, of the teacher problem: if we stick to present teaching methods, the number of teachers needed by 1970 will far exceed the number who can possibly be available. But the oncoming shortage has not been enough to overcome a hostility toward television in the college curriculum. One group of educators recently passed a resolution against it and, although there are administrators who look upon it as "the greatest opportunity for the advancement of education since the introduction of printing by movable type," the prevailing attitude seems to be one of regret over the inevitable.

When television is operated on a closed-circuit, its audio-visual impulses are not released into the air, but are conducted by coaxial cable to particular television sets (or "monitors"). At N.Y.U., for exam-

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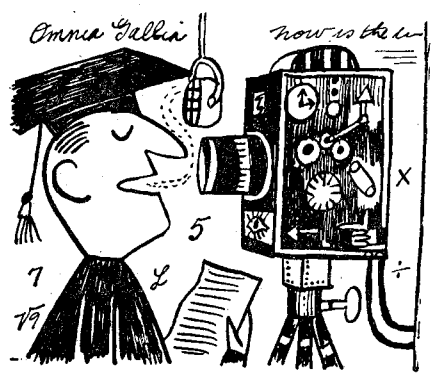
ple ıall studio, provided with transmission equipment, ı the lectures originate; in part of the university ther ven classrooms—each conta ıccording to size, one or two y-four-inch television sets—wi tudents view the lectures.

We know alre r that students can be effectively aught by television. At Pennsylvania State University where closed-circuit instruction was provided in three "unmodified or conventional" courses—general chemistry, general psychology and the psychology of marriage—the researchers came to the following specific, if somewhat circumspect, conclusion: "It is logical to conclude that there is no basis in the evidence found on information learning for rejecting the use of instructional television for teaching courses and students like those used in this experiment." The experiment at New York University—where two-thirds of the class-time instruction in college composition (for freshmen) and the literature of England (for sophomores) was televised—supports this conclusion. There is some evidence, however, that when the objective is something more than "information learning"—courses involving literary taste and judgment, for example—the poorest students learn less from TV than from conventional instruction.

WE KNOW also that a faculty, previously untrained in the use of the medium, can become competent television teachers. In 1955-56, the first two required courses in English at Washington Square College of N.Y.U. were given concurrently by TV for an entire academic year. Lecturers were not selected for their probable effectiveness before the cameras; the experiment was undertaken and carried out by the English department as a whole through a round-robin system. In all, twenty members of the department spent at least one hour before the cameras. No one was assigned more than seven hours in a single course, and no one teacher was assigned more than eleven of the 120 television hours required by the two courses combined. Each teacher felt a very real anxiety when he came before the "monsters" for the first time, but in almost every case his poise and fluency improved steadily from program to program. After four hours of televised instruction, most teachers felt that they understood the mechanical demands of the medium reasonably well. They worked hard to achieve their proficiency. An experienced teacher of college composition, for instance, might be expected to spend at the most three hours of preparation for each hour of conventional class-room teaching. But for a single television appearance, the N.Y.U. teachers spent ten to twenty hours in preparation.

Nevertheless, it is by no means certain that the "round-robin" method is the most desirable. In its second year of experimentation, the



English department is attempting the use of a single lecturer throughout the year with the idea in mind of (1) eliminating the technical difficulty of breaking in a new teacher every few days and (2) of giving the students more chance to identify themselves with the teacher.

Students are generally willing, and able, to accept instruction by TV. They proved this at both Penn State and N.Y.U., despite many initial misgivings expressed by both students and faculty. The objective fact is that the final examinations of students in the courses which used TV did not differ appreciably from those of students in comparable non-television courses. An analysis of grades of television versus non-television classes brought out an interesting tendency (the differences are probably not statistically significant): about the same proportion of students earned A's and B's in both groups, but the *non*-television students received more D's and fewer C's.

Students bring to school the lounging habits with which they naturally watch television at home. At the beginning of the N.Y.U. experiment, observers accustomed to the comparative formality of the ordinary classroom were greatly disturbed by the too-relaxed-for-any-good appearance of the students. As the year went on, however, the undergraduates began to adjust. Students who have always looked upon TV as primarily an entertainment medium need some time to learn how to learn from it.

TEACHERS have their own adjustments to make. When, as at Penn State, cameras are set up in a classroom where the conventional student-teacher intercourse is taking place, students watching the proceedings over closed-circuit monitors learn just about as much as their fellows in the classroom. This means that if one's object is simply to maintain the present classroom level of instruction, little or no modification of course plans and teaching techniques is necessary for television. For hard-pressed administrators this may be a comforting thought, but it is a somewhat defensive one. The teacher who wants to make the best possible use of the medium will adjust his materials and methods to it.

He will recognize, in the first place, that TV impresses its viewers quite as much with what they see as with what they hear, and he will learn to show things. The English faculty at N.Y.U. during the past year learned, for example, to point out the relationships between Blake's poetry and Blake's painting, between Pre-Raphaelite poetry and Pre-Raphaelite art, between the works of Andrea del Sarto and Fra Lippo Lippi and Browning's poems about them, between Shakespeare's conception of drama and the inn-*cum*-theatre for which Shakespeare wrote.

The good teacher will recognize, too, that teaching by television gives little or no chance for student-teacher give-and-take. This poses

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two problems: how to answer the questions which students would naturally raise and how *not* to do their thinking for them. If the first problem can be solved at all, it will be by a particularly careful kind of preparation. The teacher must answer anticipated questions as a book writer answers them, according to the debatable nature of his material. Of course, no teacher wants to answer *all* of the student's questions for him, and that raises the second problem: how can a teacher avoid a hand-out method in courses taught by television? One of the principal objections of faculty members viewing the efforts of their colleagues on television at N.Y.U. went like this: "Professor X is very good as a TV lecturer—his analyses of the readings are brilliant; but the students don't have to do anything, everything is done for them." Putting this criticism in a different way, a visiting observer commented, "One of the basic faults with what you are doing here could be corrected by rediscovering the rhetorical question." The criticism is sound, and so is the suggested cure. Teaching by television appears far removed from the Socratic method; but is it so in fact? There can be none of the give-and-take, which television is said to destroy, between the reader of the *Phaedo* and the printed page from which he reads; yet no one would say that Plato uses the hand-out method, or does all the reader's thinking for him. A good television presentation is no more to be condemned as a one-way affair than is a good book.

TO ATTEMPT to make a dogmatic case for the general use of television in the regular college set-up would be to contradict what is obviously true—that the whole matter is still experimental. On the whole, teachers dislike it, administrators are very curious about it, and students are willing to give it a fair trial. If it comes soon, it will be because of the need to deal with a kind of Malthusian prophecy in educational economy. And when it does come, it will probably be adopted just in the basic required courses of large enrollment. Both the administrator and the teacher will have a reason for urging the innovation.

The administrator's reason is economic. For the purpose of quick calculations, assume that a large state university has a freshman class of 2,000 students, all of whom are required to take a year of English composition. Assume that these students are taught by instructors with an average salary of $4,000 a year and a teaching load of twelve points a semester, or four three-point English composition courses. Now if this freshman class were broken up into 100 manageable sections of twenty students each, it would cost the university $100,000 in instructional salaries for the year.

Now assume that this same freshman class is taught by a method which involves two hours a week of lecture-demonstration via closed-circuit television and one hour a week of tutorial work. Assume that one instructor is given a full salary of $4,000 to conduct the TV lecture-demonstrations twice a week. Assume further that instead of meeting four groups of students three times a week, the classroom instructors meet six groups of students once a week during the year for a full salary of $4,000. By this method, it would cost the university only $71,000 in instructional salaries for the year. (Studio production costs would be minimal for this one course, since only four hours of studio time per week would be required.) If the salaries were higher, the net savings would be greater.

Nor would the teaching load of any instructor be made any heavier. The instructor giving the TV demonstrations could be allowed roughly fifteen hours of preparation for each hour before the camera (an allowance which should produce very excellent instruction indeed); instructors who conducted the tutorial sessions would have approximately twenty-four extra sets of themes to mark each semester, but they would in turn get some eighteen hours of relief each week from duties directly connected with the classroom. (They would meet classes six hours a week less; to this time can be added twelve hours a week of time spent in preparation.) Approximately the same reduction in cost could be maintained if the course were to meet twice a week for seventy-five minutes instead of three times a week for fifty minutes—an important modification of the second-year experiment at N.Y.U.

In large university courses which require multiple sectioning the instructional budget could probably be cut by something more than 25 per cent by the use of closed-circuit television. Such a probability is not likely to be ignored by university administrators.

BUT THERE can be no doubt that teachers generally are against the introduction of television as a major medium of instruction. Some teachers simply oppose any innovation: with them one can hardly find a basis for discussion. Others look upon it as a monstrous de-humanizing threat to education. But if the oncoming teacher problem does present an "impossible arithmetic"—and one can hardly doubt that it does—then isn't television a positive attempt to preserve the human element? Isn't the student closer to the teacher as a personality when he sits in a group of thirty watching a live television transmission than he would be in a group of 500 listening to a lecturer in a large auditorium? And surely this is the frame of reference in which we must at first think: no one has suggested that television be substituted for seminars.

Teachers in a third group fear the effects of TV on the teacher-market, are afraid that a few high-powered professors will take over the whole field of education. This kind of fear is impossible to allay, although it is older than the industrial revolution. But is it not shortsighted? If television will save the universities money and reduce somewhat the acute shortage of manpower without down-grading the quality of instruction, in times of crisis administrators will no longer have to beat the bushes to fill vacant posts. And in times of relative stability, creative scholars will be so re-located as to give the universities the maximum benefit of their knowledge and insight.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Grammar of Power

THE GREATNESS OF WOODROW WILSON. By Em Bowles Alsop. Rinehart and Co. $3.95.

WILSON: THE NEW FREEDOM. By Arthur S. Link. Princeton University Press. $7.50

A CROSSROADS OF FREEDOM. The 1912 Campaign Speeches of Woodrow Wilson. Edited by John Wells Davidson. Yale University Press. $6.

WOODROW WILSON AND COLONEL HOUSE. A Personality Study. By Alexander L. George and Juliette L. George. The John Day Company. $6.

By Andrew Hacker

SEVERAL years ago, *The New Yorker* ran a cartoon showing a despondent board of directors, most of whom are staring glumly into their over-full ashtrays and empty doodle-pads. Their chairman raises his eyes to the portrait of the mutton-chopped founder of the corporation, and cries out: "If only *he* were here now!"

That is just about what these four books add up to. December 28th of last year marked the centennial of Woodrow Wilson's birth. This opportunity for resurrection has been jumped on enthusiastically by literally hundreds of American liberals who are searching for a creed, a program, a man. Indeed, there can be found in Wilson all the ingredients which lead the contemporary liberal to gaze back fondly at his heritage.

For if Adlai Stevenson was a presidential candidate who read books, Wilson was a candidate who wrote books. Here, as the essays in Mrs. Alsop's book show, was a philosopher on his way to be king—or at least prime minister. Franklin Roosevelt, we thought, was a bit too much enthralled with his cowboy stories and his stamp collection. Certainly he had never read John Maynard Keynes. But Wilson was a Professor of Politics from Princeton, and he had read Walter Bagehot. We pinch ourselves to believe that such a man could bamboozle the Jersey bosses into giving him their governorship, and then go on to win the Presidential nomination. Such occurences are rare enough in American life, and those among us who value professors are loath to relinquish our hold on the hem of his academic gown. Wilson was the professor turned politician, to be sure; but, as Arthur Link in the second installment of his biography points out, he was a successful politician.

Our professor is no mere pedant. No *howevers* and *on-the-other-hands* embellish the speeches he uttered in the hard-fought campaign of 1912. John Wells Davidson's collection of campaign speeches show that here stood, above all else, an indignant man. To Wilson's mind, America had been plundered, exploited and disgraced by the power-hungry men who captained the great industrial and financial trusts. And he said just that. We did not hear Adlai Stevenson leading an onslaught against General Motors, United States Steel, or Du Pont. Times have changed. Or is it the men who have changed?

And, finally, as Alexander and Juliette George painstakingly show, Wilson was neurotic. This, in itself, ought to rank him high in the liberal book. Adlai Stevenson, as Peter Viereck claims, may be the archetype of the "unadjusted man"; but Wilson, the Georges suggest, entered politics "as a means of restoring the self-esteem damaged in childhood." Engaged, whether he realized it or not, in a tortured battle with his since-deceased father, he craved affection and approval at every turn. Had Wilson been a smug, self-righteous Calvinist, relying solely on his inner-directed moral sense, we would embrace him less closely. But when we discover that he not only shared, but emphasized our own psychological aberrations, we have filled the last and hardly least requirement for liberalism's canonization. No wonder that so many will read these books and wish that Wilson were among us now.

THIS portrait of a man, as we might expect, tells us more about the artists and the admirers than it does of Wilson. First of all, today's liberal knows his recent leaders too well. He knows that Franklin Roosevelt was no intellectual, and that he leaned on the Southern wing of his party and the Ed Flynns, as well as on the C.I.O. and the Adolph Berles. And Stevenson, while bookish, had his Jake Arvey and paid his respects to Herman Talmadge. Furthermore, Stevenson could never excite the unions (admittedly grown sophisticated in the Age of Meany), and quips are no substitute for a fiery tongue directed at the economic royalists (admittedly, also difficult to stigmatize in the Age of the Suburban Buick). So we hark back to Wilson. We glorify his memory; and while we know deep in our hearts that he could not have amassed many electoral votes in 1956, we long for the days when such a man could be, in one word, a success.

This sort of yearning is dangerous for liberals. The cause of welfare, civil rights and world peace would be better served if Wilson were forgotten once and for all. The times which produced a Wilson are gone; the personality-types needed to lead the liberal cause in the second half of this century are markedly different. We live in a period when the status-symbols which endeared Wilson to millions have been drained of their value. Wilson was, let's face it, one of the White Protestant Anglo-Saxon Eastern-Seaboard class which

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so long had easy access to the seats of power. This Ancien Regime—with its Roosevelts, Stevensons, Harrimans and Achesons—is not, of course, completely dead. But it has been living on capital overlong, and the principal has diminished with no sign of replacement. The new "Power Elite" is not this group at all. Rather, the "New Men" (as C. P. Snow styles them) are corporate engineers such as Charles Wilson; soldiers such as Lucius Clay; and All-American politicians such as Nixon, Kefauver, Knowland and Neuberger. Wayne Morse and Paul Douglas cannot for a moment assume that their professorships are assets. How many know that John Kennedy went to Choate? Wilsonian liberalism is class-based. When such a class loses ground, one must look elsewhere for leadership.

Furthermore, the leader of our times must work with a logic not so much based on rational knowledge as it is a logic of power. John Foster Dulles is frequently a more effective Secretary of State than was Dean Acheson. And one of the reasons for this is that his officials possess *less* information about, for example, the Far East than did their predecessors. But Dulles has a mind well suited to assessing our own and our enemies' power potential. The New Men make small claim to being knowledgeable in the traditional sense; indeed, they are frequently irrational. But the exercise of power has a rationale of its own—one not taught by Professor Wilson to the Princeton undergraduates.

THIS failure to understand the structure of power led Wilson in his day—and liberals in ours—to frame programs wholly inadequate to meet both domestic and international needs. A Federal Reserve Act, a Clayton Anti-Trust Act, a Federal Trade Commission Act—none of these prevented the growth of great concentrations of economic power. They could not do this. No laws could. If we want to congratulate ourselves for what are, in truth, petty gadfly nuisances to those who will go right on making the important decisions (and, to be sure, complaining all the while that they are being hamstrung), then so be it. But let us not, in the final analysis, overestimate the effectiveness of our government in the affairs of its citizens. The same holds true for an international organization. The great decisions of war and peace will be made by three great powers and their heads of state. The men who will bring peace to the world are not the ones who will plead moral causes at the U. N. (although this may be carried on as a side-show), but the ones who will drive hard bargains with China and the Soviet Union.

Woodrow Wilson never really understood power. He never knew the limited ability of the American government to shape our economy. He never understood diplomacy, and the idea of negotiating from a position of strength. And neither do the liberals of today. Always in search of a cause, a program, a man, they have never attended to the first requirement of politics: a comprehension of the grammer of power. Since the time of Jefferson, liberals have been carried along on the deference accorded to their positions of status. In the future they will have to learn to grapple with the likes of Richard Nixon, Charles Wilson, Chou En-lai and Nikita Khrushchev, according to a new—and yet very old—set of rules. Reference to Woodrow Wilson will be of no help.

To Certain Poets

Anathema
on those shrivelers of the earth
leaving it beyond seed—
dried bean on a withered stalk.

Better revulsion of worm white meat
than your drab slab
of inexistence—
seeing fresh pulp
as old tar—
losing ecstasy even of disaster
for a dry doom . . .
a dump of hair pins
corset covers old cans
(past this wasted frontier
deep is the green country
full of bark and pines).
Better be fungus
and dot
dark hollow places
spaces between roots
and give a plop
as you squash out.

WALTER LOWENFELS

Reality in the Supernatural

COUNT LUNA: Two Tales of the Real and the Unreal. By Alexander Lernet-Holenia. Criterion Books. $4.

By William Bittner

THE gothic novel is a literary mutation, and as with most freaks of nature, one rarely appears with the vitality to survive. Poe's stories, the earliest of which were written as parodies of the sickly supernatural romances of his day, will identify the genre.. Alexander Lernet-Holenia's *Count Luna,* and its curtain-raiser, *Baron Bagge,* traverse as smoothly as Poe the border between the actual and the imagined, brilliantly delineate the development of obsessions, and, through their setting in the dying culture of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, link the psychoses of a society with those of its members.

Any human quirk, projected far enough, can become a classic mental illness. In *Count Luna,* the chief character, Alexander Jessiersky, whose traction company denounces a Count Luna to the Nazis in order to obtain the land he has refused to sell, experiences a feeling of guilt that developes into paranoia. Jessiersky's phobia about his victim (who obviously had died in Mauthausen concentration camp) leads him to hysterical murders and frantic, suicidal flight, compounded from fear of the Count's vengeance and awe at his exalted rank. The more his research shows the Lunas to be, like the Jessierskys, climbers of Polish origin, the more powerful, distant and fearful becomes Luna in his mind, until he sees the Count behind every chance happening in his life, waiting patiently to destroy him.

Remarkable literary skill is needed to bring a Viennese industrialist, in the ebb of the second World War, convincingly to the point where he takes down an atlas to find his imagined persecutor's ancestral seat, the "town from which Luna had come, and with him, all these woes. Actually there was not much to see on the small map. But in spite, or perhaps because, of this, it suddenly seemed to Jessiersky that the landscape on the map bore a certain re-

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semblance to the landscape of the moon. It is possible, even probable, that this was the moment at which, first only in a very vague way, but later more and more definitely, he began to identify Luna with the moon, or at least to identify the influence which Luna exercised with that exercised by the moon."

The works of Franz Kafka are very original variations on the gothic. But although they are more significant than any existing example of the pure gothic, the terror, the horror, they inspire is of a rational kind; never does reason flee and vicarious panic take control. In the last chapter, set in the unexplored catacombs of Rome, *Count Luna* goes systematically amok. Lernet Holenia's success, I believe, results from his tangential but ever-present historical and mythological backdrop. Poland is more than Poland, it is the European folklore hell, always to the north; thus the dream-logic that lets the catacombs open onto a snowy plain, where a sleigh awaits Jessiersky to carry him to his forefathers in Poland, is terrifying.

BARON BAGGE is set in an earlier time and a more mysterious location—the Carpathian front during the first World War. On the surface it is a clearer, more romantic story, but at the deeper level it is much more complex. As Robert Pick points out in his introduction, the sins of both Bagge and Jessiersky are sins of omission, analogous to the flaws that led to the disintegration of the empire that fostered Viennese civilization. Self-centered, cynical in word and overly-optimistic in deed, the Viennese in particular let their world go to pieces because they felt their charm would carry them through. The amenities of Vienna were worth saving, but when great effort might have averted crisis, they danced into it; where reforms and liberality were needed they installed a procedure-obsessed bureaucracy; officials who should have cultivated wisdom grew Franz-Josef whiskers instead.

The sole survivor of a cavalry charge led by a madman, Baron Bagge dreams that the squadron met no resistance but rode far into Carpathian Hungray where they were lavishly entertained and he met, fell in love with and married the daughter of an old friend of his mother. Patrols sent, in spite of the laughter of the inhabitants, in search of the enemy, can find no trace of Russian troops. Finally, on the eighth day after the charge, the squadron as a whole moves out, crosses the bridge of Hôr and enters the road to the Nordic Hel, Bagge alone turning back, and awakening to find that his eight days were a few moments' unconciousness as the result of shellshock. After the war he revisits the scene of his dream-expedition and finds it drab and sordid; he has learned that the people who entertained him died long before the charge, and that his dream-wife was nothing like the real woman who lived there—yet he remains faithful to her, rejecting other girls who loved him.

Well-disciplined ambiguities rescue symbolic novels from the charade-like narrowness of allegory, and these two short novels can be read in terms of any society that succumbs to infantile egoism and creates psychosis in those of its members who are well-adjusted to a sick social order. *Count Luna* and *Baron Bagge* are not only first class gothic tales; they may be readily applied to heedless brinkmanship and the arrogance of self-sufficiency in people's capitalism as well as to the fragmenting culture where psychoanalysis began.

The World of C. P. Snow

By William Cooper

YOU cannot grasp what human beings are like unless you understand the mechanics of power by which they move society and by which society moves them. This is the kernel of belief in the novels of C. P. Snow. He states it clearly, as no novelist has stated it before, and it gives his work its peculiar moral strength today.

Snow's novels show how men are what they are not only through their first essence but also through the pressures that are exerted on them during every step they take in their practical lives. They are separate, each one alone with his own soul: they are also dependent, knit together—whether they accept it or not—in a fabric without which existence, if not meaningless, is almost worthless. Snow has no truck with pure idealism and the ivory tower; among the things he has seen is that the artist who removes himself from society is fitted to speak for no one but himself, and that what he says for himself will, in the present state of affairs, probably sound dated and sterile. Trying to escape—through the ivory tower or by any other means—from the endowments and responsibilities of brotherhood is throwing away one's natural right to be taken seriously.

It is immediately obvious why the argument has clicked so resoundingly with Snow's younger contemporaries. They are forced, whatever their inclinations, to accept and try to make the most of their responsibilities as brothers: they have to take part in the practical activities of the world for the simple reason that they can no longer support themselves by writing novels. Quite outside their lives as novelists, they must operate as teachers, doctors, journalists, B.B.C. officials, civil servants and what-have-you. But there is more to it than that. Their accepting an argument does not explain the phenomenon of their coming to look upon Snow as a moral force—not one of the tired old moral forces of yesterday, but a new, stable, reliable moral force *for their times*.

To see how Snow can be this kind of moral force, it is necessary to look at the man as well as the writer. Snow is nothing if not a believer in practicing what you preach. In the course of his life he has found several careers opening up to him, and he has managed by unusually skillful division of his time to keep up all but one of them. He began life as a research scientist, and scientific research is the only career he has renounced—for the reason that it is an activity whose degree of creativeness compares with that of writing novels: no man could hope to carry on both. Since the age of twenty-five, Snow's intellectual life has centered in fiction. But his interest in and connection with scientists has lived on, and the result is that alongside his career as a novelist and litterateur he has become a distinguished civil servant, dealing with scientists, and also a director of one of the biggest electrical engineering firms in the United Kingdom. Not only has he given an example

The Novels of C. P. Snow

Death Under Sail (*1932*)
New Lives for Old (*1933*)
The Search (*1935*)

Novel Sequence in Progress

Strangers and Brothers (*1940*)
The Light and the Dark (*1948*)
Time of Hope (*1949*)
The Masters (*1951*)
The New Men (*1954*)
Homecoming (*1956*)
The Conscience of the Rich (*probably 1958*)

WILLIAM COOPER, British novelist, is the author of Scenes from Provincial Life, The Struggles of Albert Wood, The Ever-Interesting Topic.

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of what he means by an artist taking part in the activities of his fellow men; he has made, in his own case, an astounding public success of it. Nobody else has ever done it: he occupies a position that is unique.

So far so good. This shows that Snow likes power and has the capacity for getting it in startling amounts; it explains how he has caught the imagination of his younger contemporaries (not to mention some of the older ones!) and has commanded their admiration; but it still does not explain how he has become to them a moral leader. That stems from recognizing the purpose for which he is trying to use his power.

There are two features of the world that deeply trouble any young man of energy and ability. They are the disordered flux of world events, in which it is difficult for him to see the underlying pattern, and the chaotic, splintered nature of society itself, cut into fragments between which there is often little or no connection, little or no communication. Of the two the second is the more important, and it is to this that Snow chiefly addresses himself.

The deepest and most serious split in our culture is that between the scientific and the non-scientific, but there are other cross-cleavages nearly as deep: highbrow art is steadily hiving off from popular art; in the Welfare State, the social structure is steadily ossifying. In whatever direction one looks, one sees bits of society becoming in some way or other more specialist, and as a result sometimes losing even the desire to communicate. This process, everyone is ready to agree, can lead only to sterility and decay. It is to slow down, arrest, reverse this process that Snow devotes himself, by the activities of his practical life and through the message implicit in his novels. As litterateur, scientist, businessman, adviser on this and that to people and organizations, he acts as go-between, as integrator of a divided society. That is what makes his voice, as a writer, seem one of the sanest and most lucid of the present day. His younger contemporaries see him trying to make the world a better place, that is to say a place where they see a better chance of doing the things that they think worth doing.

Snow stands out as the most *un*decadent of our writers—he shows no sign whatever of a mind at the end of its tether, a conscience obsessed by guilt, or an imagination given up to frippery. Though he admits that the situation of the individual may be tragic, he will not concede for one moment that the social condition must therefore be tragic: though the stranger is alone with his soul and his end is death, there is no need for his brothers to die before their time after a servile life. The representatives of a traditional, non-scientific culture, who use a deep insight into man's fate in order to obscure the social truth, in order to draw down the blinds on society, in order to tighten their own grip on their few remaining privileges, he condemns for defeat, self-indulgence and moral vanity. He insists that "we take nothing as tragic that may conceivably lie within men's will."

This is indeed a new voice in literature, and everywhere except among scientists it sounds revolutionary. The force of its dominant statement has made Snow a marker, a stable point of moral reference, in an otherwise anarchic society.

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THEATRE

Robert Hatch

THE CRAFTSMANSHIP, both of writing and of performing, in Jean Anouilh's *The Waltz of the Toreadors* (Coronet) is a reason for cheers and the play has been greeted with unanimous published applause. The applause in the theatre itself, however, was less generous—at least, the audience around me seemed a little baffled and fretful.

It expected either more or less—and this was not an arbitrary expectation, but in the design of the work. In the two scenes of the first act Anouilh establishes a farce of wit, at once uproarious and polished, and at the first intermission we were all congratulating one another on assisting at an evening of such capable banter. But in the following acts the colors darken; a rueful good humor turns toward self-pity, exasperation toward hatred, foible toward decay. As a plan, this is excellent—if all goes well, the audience should acknowledge that it has laughed too easily and be the readier to extend compassion when matters are shown in a more telling light.

But all does not go as well as it should, because when the colors darken they do not deepen. The gallant General St. Pé, quixotically in love after seventeen years with the maiden who danced with him once to the "Waltz of the Toreadors," and now dictating his memoirs to a timid seminarian outside the bedroom of his invalid, termagant wife, is a sufficient figure for farce. And the farce detonates with the arrival of the still-chaste but now more-than-a-little-impatient maiden. The two ladies, flinging themselves into gestures of suicide, declare that only embraces will sustain the life flickering in their bosoms, and master and scribe are engaged in lunatic ministrations at the first-act curtain.

The machinery of farce continues to the end. The invalid wife springs to her feet and assumes heroic attitudes in disheveled bed dress. The priests' boy discovers a Lothario talent in himself. The General's ill-favored daughters catch the suicide contagion; and an inebriated priest arrives with astonishing news that sets relationships in quite new contexts. But the surface dance of giety is gone: we see that St. Pé has fallen off into self-pity and feeble lechery with housemaids; his wife's tirade is not only extravagant, it is cruel and ugly; the resolution is apt enough, but mean-hearted. And yet Anouilh has not found enough to say of these people to make their misery significant to anyone but themselves. St. Pé's life is certainly a waste, but it would be hard to show that more than tinsel has been squandered. So an audience that has been abruptly shaken out of its initial high spirits, naturally wonders why it has been sobered. It experiments with a laugh now and then, but without conviction; it tries to respond to the General's misery, but the insights are too meagre. In the end it shrugs.

The company under Harold Clurman's direction takes advantage of every hint and clue that Anouilh provides. It is a wonderfully civilized performance, and you will not often see a play so carried by the presence and projective force of its actors. But this has the disadvantage—most noticeable in the case of Ralph Richardson, but evident too in Mildred Natwick as his frightful wife and Meriel Forbes as his mistress in name only—that the actors not infrequently seem to run out of material. They are alive and strong; their stands and movements on Ben Edwards' splendidly evocative set seem ever poised to launch them into matters of real moment, but then the lines give out and they relapse into gesture and business. The passages of farce they handle with beautiful spirit, like jugglers' bright Indian clubs, and the proper cheers break out; but when they come to the heart of the play, it is not there.

TELEVISION

Anne W. Langman

THERE'S an old-school-tie feeling among CBS newsmen. They are carrying on a tradition of reporting which established the network's reputation in radio days and has continued into TV. Foreign correspondents, called back to the United States for the annual year-end show, find the reunion important beyond this assignment. Especially, it's a reviving contact with solid earth for those who work during the rest of the year behind one curtain or another.

Most difficult and least rewarding is the Moscow assignment. Daniel L. Schorr, who has spent fifteen months covering Russia for CBS, quotes Ambassador Bohlen: "Russia is not a mystery; it's a secret." The atmosphere of extreme suspicion, combined with propaganda, makes Schorr's job one for a patient detective. "No correspondent in Moscow thinks he knows the truth," he said. "We're looking at Russia through a cloudy, sometimes broken piece of glass. The leadership is waving all sorts of propaganda at us to distract us. If you see what's really going on, it's some kind of a miracle." One of the heaviest chores, in the effort to get at the real news, is reading through reams of official handouts, trying to discover a meaningful phrase, a hint, a suggestion of changing policy. Ninety per cent of the material adds nothing to the too familiar party-line palaver, has even less value for Schorr than for his newspaper colleagues who occasionally use news-in-bulk.

Highlights of the news, delivered in the context of long-cycle developments, are what radio and TV reporters must deliver. Schorr's search for such is a continuous process of deduction. Chatting at official receptions is an important source of news, although there has been a notable decrease in its value since the Geneva Conference. Schorr, who has established a pleasant enough relationship with Khrushchev, recalled an "exclusive" interview at an Afghan Embassy reception back in October. "He seemed relaxed, unbelligerent, slower on the conversational trigger than he used to be, but confident. . . . Of his sixteen-day talks with Tito of Yugoslavia, he revealed that on their hunting trip he had bagged four deer to Tito's one. On American elections, 'That's America's affair' and he didn't think it too important which party won." Shortly after the Hungarian revolution, Schorr had a glass of champagne with the Soviet Communist Party chief at another reception, and asked him what would happen in the strife-ridden country. "Khrushchev raised his glass. 'To your health!' His eyes were cold as he drank, then he said to me: 'If you want to find out about Hungary, why don't you ask the Hungarian Ambassador'?" A reporter must obviously develop an eerie intuition to make news from such fencing.

In addition to receptions, which Schorr attends at the rate of two or three a week, he uses embassy contacts, Russian newspapers and the foreign ministry as news sources. All require sleuthing; "Nobody in Russia ever gives an informative or straight answer to anything." In November, Schorr, who had

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heard that Malenkov had gone to Budapest, tried to confirm this rumor. He called the press department of the Foreign Ministry and was told that this was "only another one of those vicious rumors that the bourgeois press delights in disseminating." He asked if that meant that the rumor was false. The sentence was repeated. "Then you mean it is true that Malenkov has gone to Budapest?" The answer came back, "Only one of those vicious. . . ." Schorr decided to transmit the report, giving the official answer. The censor killed the whole reference. At that point Schorr had a reasonably strong conviction as to Malenkov's whereabouts, but had been able to tell his listeners nothing. Even when there is no imaginable reason for withholding information, the Iron Curtain descends. Schorr took a shot of a line of people standing outside a department store in Siberia. When he asked what they were waiting for, no one would answer him; they just shook their heads. Such incidents, repeated day after day, make even the simplest news-gathering an ordeal.

SCHORR can airmail his film unprocessed, but there is an indirect censorship on it in terms of what he is allowed to photograph. Street scenes, formal ceremonies, official delegations and receptions are allowed, but he cannot shoot inside a Russian home, or a factory or school (unless a delegation is visiting and the complete shine-up process makes it meaningless). After a year, he is still trying to get permission to film a day in the life of a typical Russian family. His radio scripts must be approved by the censor before transmission, and he is carefully monitored. Neither Schorr nor his NBC colleague, Irving Levine, has ever been rebuked, although every newspaper correspondent in Moscow has at one time or another suffered an official "balling out," and some have been sent from the country. Schorr attributes this small but pleasant distinction to the fact that the Russians have a poor opinion of radio and TV as means of communication. In Russia, news must appear in the papers before it is broadcast, and Radio Moscow programs are talky, full of propaganda, offering some good music but with very little production polish. TV is on for four hours in the evening, when viewers see ballet, opera and plays, lots of Russian film about tractors, a bedtime story for children, and for a Sunday treat, a sports exent of some sort. Again, little care is given to production. None of this is important in the Russian bureaucrat's scheme of things, and his attitude makes Schorr's job a bit easier.

A newspaper man all his life, Schorr became a foreign correspondent after World War II, attracted international attention for reports from Indonesia and Holland. "The Russians have infinite patience," he says. "To do my job there I have to have it too. Nothing is certain, everything can change without reason. When I can't find out what I want, I keep trying—without much hope; without any emotion because that's the only way it's possible to exist there. . . . Life in Russia is an enveloping experience. The abnormal becomes the normal. I've stopped wanting to shoot myself when I can't get a picture that I want."

TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

February 3 through 7

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, February 3

ODYSSEY (CBS). The Baker Street Irregulars, dedicated to the memory of Sherlock Holmes, admit cameras and narrator Charles Collingwood to a meeting. Members, who include such sleuths as Rex Stout, Christopher Morley, Elmer Davis, will report on evidence that their hero came to America in 1890 on the trail of his one and only love. Subject may help this program to untangle itself.

RUGGLES OF RED GAP (NBC). The Americanization of a stuffy English valet will be spectacularized, musicalized, dramatized for a 90-minute airing, starring Michael Redgrave (in his first TV singing role), David Wayne, Imogene Coca. Special score by Julie Style and Leo Robin, for this Showcase-produced production. (Color)

NO LICENSE TO KILL (NBC: ALCOA HOUR). Drama about an automobile accident, its cause and results. Hume Cronyn and Eileen Heckart in Alvin Boretz' play with Victor Riesel as narrator.

Monday, February 4

MAYERLING (NBC: Producer's Showcase). Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer will make their live TV debut in the love story of Archduke Rudolph of Austria and Maria Vetsera. Anatole Litvak, who directed the French movie version, will also make his TV debut as a producer. Raymond Massey, Diana Wynward are also included in cast, with Basil Sydney and others. (Color)

Thursday, February 7

THE MIRACLE WORKER (CBS: Playhouse 90). Story of the child, Helen Keller, and the people who helped her. With Patty McCormack, child star of Broadway's *The Bad Seed*, Teresa Wright as teacher Annie Sullivan, John Barrymore, Jr.

Correction: The title of P.M.S. Blackett's new book, reviewed by Matthew Josephson in the issue of January 26, is *Atomic Weapons and East-West Relations.*

LECTURES ON AMERICAN CAPITALISM

By PAUL M. SWEEZY

Tuesday, February 12:
GROWTH OF THE NON-PRODUCTIVE SECTORS

Thursday, February 14:
MONOPOLY AND WASTE

Tuesday, March 12:
THE ROLE OF GOVERNMENT

Thursday, March 14:
AN OVERALL VIEW

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MUSIC

B. H. Haggin

THE New York City Ballet began its season with a week of repertory, which was followed by Christmas-week performances of *The Nutcracker*. During the opening week it offered the first new ballet—the *Divertimento No. 15* to Mozart's Divertimento K.287 that Balanchine produced for the Stratford Festival last May. With the additional performances the piece has had in Europe since then it now has a greater clarity of outline and articulation that increases its effectiveness—in particular the effectiveness of the series of fascinatingly complex and marvelously beautiful solos of the variation movement and the great supported adagio of the slow movement. The piece was performed brilliantly by the Stratford group with a few replacements: Wilde, Hayden, Adams (dancing LeClercq's part because of her serious illness), Mounsey (in Adams' part), Milberg (substituting for the temporarily absent Allegra Kent), Magallanes, Tobias and Watts (substituting for the temporarily absent Bliss). And it was interesting to see Adams executing the movements evidently devised for LeClercq's special style, Mounsey giving a similar quasi-impersonation of Adams, and Milberg giving one of Kent. The impersonations were good, but not as good as the originals: Adams could not give off the personal radiance and wit of LeClercq; nor could Milberg produce the exquisitely modulated bodily configurations and movements of Kent.

The company managed to give excellent performances not only without LeClercq and Kent but, much of the time, without Tallchief, who was not content to dance with a plastic beauty and perfection achieved by a seemingly effortless exercise of tremendous power, but acted the *prima ballerina assoluta* Maria Tallcheieva by appearing in one performance of Balanchine's *Pas de dix* and one of his *Allegro Brillante* and nothing else—not one performance of *The Nutcracker*, not *Swan Lake*, not even the second performance of *Pas de dix*. In this one it was Wilde who played the Russian *prima ballerina* in legitimate and impressive fashion with dancing that not only was technically dazzling but had a beautiful fluidity, suppleness, delicacy and continuity which lent themselves to the nobility and elegance of the evocation of Petersburg grand style. I might add that the piece gave me even more pleasure than it did last year: Glazunov's engaging dance music elicited from Balanchine some of his most attractive invention. And I should add that Wilde's attempt at similar glamor in her performance of the Sugar Plum Fairy in *The Nutcracker* was less successful; but time may be expected to achieve here what it has achieved in *Pas de dix*.

In the third and fourth weeks Tallchief made an occasional appearance in *Firebird, Swan Lake* and *Sylvia pas de deux*, while Kent gradually asumed roles in *Pas de dix, Concerto Barocco* and other works in which she exhibited a brilliant technique, a loveliness and a spirit that establish her as one of the company's finest dancers. And in the second *Prodigal Son* Moncion gave one of his most distinguished performances of the title role—a performance richly filled out with dramatically meaningful detail, the vigorous dances of the opening scenes contained and precise, the slow movement of the scenes after the despoiling made impressive by its continuity of flow and tension and by Moncion's powers of presence and projection. The performance as a whole was better in important respects: the companions were attentive and involved during the siren's dance; and Barnett and Mandia made the servants' obscene dance sharp and clear. But Barnett's deprecatory gesture in the direction of the garrulous father in the opening scene is one I think he should omit.

THE six Sonatas Op. 1 of Benedetto Marcello on Epic LC-3260 are fine works, with noble slow movements and engaging fast ones, and are played well on the viola da gamba and harpsichord by Janos Scholz and Egida Giordani Sartori.

The individual and fresh writing of Boccherini is very enjoyable in the four unfamiliar pieces on London LL-1454: the Trios Op. 9 No. 5 and Op. 38 No. 2, the Quartets Op. 39 No. 8 and Op. 44 No. 4 (*La Tiranna*), of which the second and fourth are especially fine. Excellent performances by the Carmirelli Quartet, reproduced with an unpleasant sharpness that is lessened by drastic reduction of treble.

The performances of Mozart's Violin Sonatas K.454 and 526 by Grumiaux and Haskil on Epic LC-3299 are musically sound and warm; but in the brilliant Allegros of K.526, as in the incandescent concerto finales recently, Haskil's playing lacks the verve and sparkle it should have. Here too the reproduction of the violin benefits by reduction of treble.

If a skillful performance is one that makes the listener aware of what happens from moment to moment in a piece of music, directing his attention to an approaching significant detail and preparing his mind for it, then Oistrakh's performance of Beethoven's Violin Sonata Op. 96 on Columbia ML-5096 must be judged unskillful, for he ploughs through the opening movement in high-powered fashion doing nothing to prepare the listener's mind for the unusual ideas that give this piece its special character, and thus making it evident that he is himself unaware of anything unusual to make anyone else aware of. The reverse side has smaller pieces by Vitali, Mendelssohn and Brahms.

Dvorak's lovely Quartet Op. 51 and his more familiar *American* Quartet Op. 96 are played very beautifully by the Budapest Quartet on Columbia ML-5143. The recorded sound is notably better than any previously achieved in the Library of Congress auditorium, but still not as good as was achieved with the Dvorak Piano Quintet in Columbia's New York studio.

Suerte

You shall not always sit in sunlight, watching
weeds grow out of the drains
or burros, and shadows of burros
come up the street bringing sand,
the first one of the line with a bell
always.

With a bell.
Grace is set
a term of less than a year.
Another bell sounds the hours of your sun,
limits sounding below human voices,
counts the hours of weeds, rain, darkness, all
with a bell.
The first one with a bell always.

PAUL BLACKBURN

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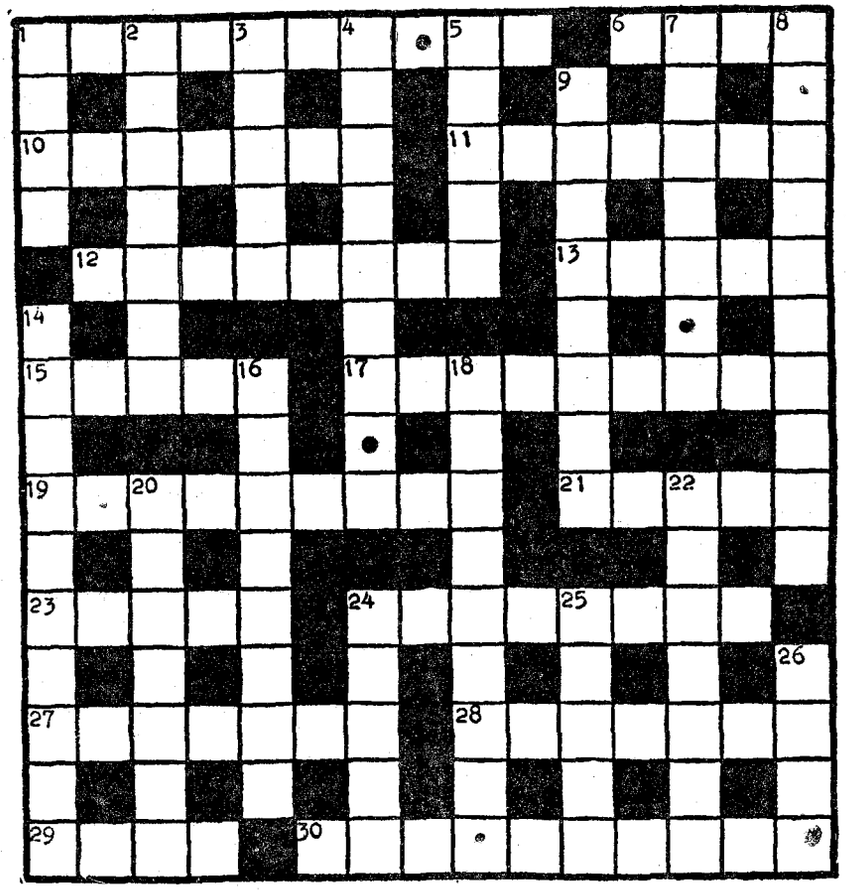
Crossword Puzzle No. 709

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 '54 Yale academic gown, in part? One has to earn his! (10)
6 Refuse to rise to the top! (4)
10 Advanced struggle in the crossing. (7)
11 If the pitcher isn't hot, take one which has been warmed up here. (4, 3)
12 Dirt acts to confuse the issue. (8)
13 Will this shortly be presented in court? (5)
15 10, perhaps, but a direct opposite of 13. (5)
17 What might be common in the den flourishes about the heather. (9)
19 Would one be an apprentice? No, spoil him! (9)
21 Add to it, and you could make a sort of 19 very green. (5)
23 Irene was, as I departed. (5)
24 Gets help, but not without contradiction. (8)
27 See 26 down.
28 Elemental, but with lamentable associations. (7)
29 To do this in might be more foolish than angelic. (4)
30 Aqua, obviously! (5, 5)

DOWN:

1 Not right behind, if you go. (4)
2 Not only a dizzy blonde, but any light-headed person might have it. (7)
3 Cerainly not the most stale creation. (5)
4 Angry head of the family in the plot, perhaps. (9)
5 This might have been described in the revolution. (5)
7 The title of the bird at dinner bringing it up in the middle of things. (7)
8 Made evident on the cargo invoice? (10)
9 See 24 down.
14 He doesn't get pieces of board on commission, however. (10)
16 Gets away from big entrances. (8)
18 The trait of those who really mind. (9)
20 Suggestive of the Hun and Slav? (7)
22 First, but I use the middle above. (7)
24 and 9 Supposedly improves even the measly. (5, 8)
25 So submissive that he seems a little saint to the officer in charge? (5)
26 and 27 across What he made professionally sounds tense, but one might relax with his other creations. (4, 7)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 708

ACROSS: 4 AND 21 THE QUEEN OF SPADES; 10, 1 ACROSS AND 29 ACROSS DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES; 11 LEATHER; 13 AND 19 DOWN HASTEN; 14 HELLO; 15 LASTS; 17 BURSTING; 23 NOBEL; 26 INURE; 28 COO; 30 POPGUNS; 31 DIAMOND; 32 DISCLOSE; 33 SKINNY. DOWN: 1 TIDEMILL; 2 LEAVENS; 3 NAMES; 5 HALLS; 6 QUASH; 7 ECHELON; 8 NARROW; 16 SOP; 18 RESPONDS; 20 CLASS DAY; 22 FAUX PAS; 24 BALLOON; 25 and 9 DOWN NIPPED IN THE BUD; 27 EQUAL; 28 CASTS; 29 AND 12 ACROSS TRACK MEETS.

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